

# ING SAVES LIVES.

MODEL FOR MURDERERS EMPLOY THEATRICAL METHODS.

Lawyers Who Defend Criminals are to Make an Impression on the Juries of Jurymen—Some Notable Cases Where Lawyers Succeeded.

It has been generally known that lawyers who defend criminals are to make an impression on the juries of jurymen—some notable cases where lawyers succeeded.

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A Gray Hired Old Fellow Tread a Bear and Finally Killed It.

Sam Parson's gray mule Zeke is old and gray, but he possesses great strength, both of understanding and of body.

Saturday old Sam concluded that he wouldn't work, and accordingly he shouldered his muzzle loading rifle and went hunting. But before departing he turned Zeke out to graze.

Finding the grass around the parson's cabin rather scanty, Zeke wandered down the edge of the creek next to the mountain side. There within the shadow of the woods he struck a nice, tender clump of grass and immediately began to eat it with great delight.

While engaged in this congenial task a large black bear came down the mountain side and approached Zeke. Zeke had probably never seen a bear before, as the mule tribe has long been scarce in these mountains. Nor is it likely that the bear had ever on any previous occasion looked over on a mule. But this bear was hungry and, while Zeke was bigger game than he had bargained for, he evidently thought it worth while to take a look at him, for he came a little nearer.

Zeke was not a bit afraid. He had never stood in awe of manhood, not even Old Sam, his master, and it was not likely that at this late period of his life he would be afraid of any four footed creature that walked the earth.

Zeke calmly went on with his pleasant task of eating grass. The bear edged up another yard. Zeke switched his tail and cleverly knocked a fly off his back, and being relieved of the burden of the insect still munched the grass.

The bear began to grow inquisitive. He evidently did not understand what kind of an animal Zeke was, his studies in zoology being limited. He stood upon his hunches and growled, not as a threat, but as a kind of friendly salute. Zeke did not raise his head, and still munched the grass. The bear stopped growling and walked in a respectful circle around Zeke, studying him from every corner. He might have been a hundred miles away for all the notice Zeke took. The bear was puzzled and uttered another growl of interrogation.

Again finding himself unnoticed he began to grow angry.

The bear went around behind Zeke and came very close, evidently determined to try by touch to arouse the strange animal. Suddenly Zeke doubled himself up in a knot and leaped high in the air. Two legs flew out of the bunch like piston rods and caught the bear in the side, whirling him over in a complete somersault. When he struck the ground he righted himself and rushed away with a growl of pain. But Zeke was not after him, and the bear, seeing that he would be overtaken, scrambled up a hickory tree, barely missing a terrible drive of Zeke's hind heels.

Now came and still Zeke was under the tree. The afternoon passed. It was almost sundown, but still Zeke was there. The bear could stand it no longer. Zeke was about twenty feet away from the tree, apparently taking no notice, and accordingly he crawled down the trunk as quietly as possible, intending to slip away in the forest. Barely had he touched the ground when Zeke turned with a snort and leaped upon him. So fast did his hind legs flash back and forth that they looked like the driving rods of an engine. In a minute the bear was dead, every bone in his body broken. Mrs. Parsons, who saw it all from the door of her cabin, says that the bear didn't even have time to growl. When asked why she hadn't taken a gun from the house and shoot the bear in the tree—for she is a girl woodsman and bold as a man—she replied:

"I knowed Zeke didn't need no help, and besides I didn't want to spile the fun."—Pound Creek (Ky.) Cor. New York Sun.

"I was at Sioux City during the rise in the Big Muddy," said T. P. Sinclair, a prominent farmer and stock raiser of South Dakota, "and there witnessed a sight that haunts me. Pretty much everything that would float came swirling down the angry river—wrecks of buildings, household goods and gods—and among the drift was, what do you think? a cradle! One of the old fashioned, wooden sort, and in it sat a white headed little tot, apparently about a year old.

"There was not a boat within hailing distance, the cradle was fully 300 yards from shore and the river was running like a mill race. I started on a dead run down along the bank, hoping to find a boat of some kind, but before I had gone twenty-five yards the cradle tipped over, spilling its little occupant into the muddy waters. I am pretty well seasoned, let me tell you. I walked over rows of dead men at Donaldson and Shiloh, have shot Indians and helped hang cow thieves, but that sight at Sioux City broke me. I just sat down and cried like a woman."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Entirely Satisfied.

A suit had gone against the defendant, who arose and gave his opinion of the judgment and was fined \$10 for contempt of court. A bill was handed to the clerk which proved to be \$20. "I have no change," said the clerk, tendering it to the offender. "Never mind about the other \$10," was the retort. "Keep it; I'll take it out in contempt."—Black and White.

At a Fashionable Dinner Party.

Gent (on the right)—The weather, madam!

Lady—I have already discussed that subject with my neighbor on the left.

Gent (aside)—The mean scoundrel! We had arranged between us that he should talk about the dinner and I myself about the weather.—Humoristisches Blatt.

Forests of Greece.

In ancient times Greece possessed about 7,500,000 acres of dense forest, and she was comparatively rich in timber until about fifty years ago. Much of it has, however, now disappeared.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pretty Poor Pickings.

Findings are popularly supposed to belong to the sweeper, but one of the street sweepers of Portland observes that his is a very disappointing job. He has found only a one cent piece and a short lead pencil during his term of office and is disgusted with politics.—Lewiston Journal.

Lumbago cured by two applications. Mr. H. C. Rigby, Baltimore, Md., Special Agent of the Mutual Life Insurance Co., of New York, says: "I take pleasure in stating that two applications of Babbage Oil cured me of a severe attack of lumbago."

New things in writing papers and tablets at Babbage's.

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# Fall Opening

The largest stock of any previous years. Ladies'

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In handsome all Wool Plaids. We have the most complete stock

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Covers everything the trade desires. These and many other things kept in

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J. M. BELL, Prop'r.

CLOVERPORT, KY.

Fly, puffed drowsy, away! Across the marshes sweep, Chasing the fallen moon, the shadowy gray!

Make me not laggard, Sleep!

Against the morning move, Fronting the reddening mists, Touch the white eyelids of the girl I love, And fill her dreams with smiles.

—John Hay in Cosmopolitan.

How the Wends Dance.

The serika reja is a pantomimic dance. Each couple has its own turn of leading. The cavalier places his partner in front of him, facing her, and while the band keeps playing and the company singing one of those peculiarly stirring Wendish dance tunes he sets about adorning her to grant him his desire and dance with him. She stands stock still, her arms hanging down flop by her side. The cavalier capers about, shouts, strikes his hands against his thighs, kneels, touches his heart—with the more dramatic force the better. At length the lady gives way, and a token of consent raises her hand.

Briskly do the two spin around now for the space of eight bars, after which for eight more they perform something like a cross between a chasses croises and a jig, and so on for a little while, after which the whole company joins in the same performance. As a finish the cavalier "stands" the band and his partner some liquor, and a merry round dance concludes his turn of leading to the accompaniment of a tune and song. ronks, selected by himself.—Westminster Review.

A Real Nice Girl.

"Why, my darling," exclaimed Mrs. Worldly to her eighteen-year-old rosebud Maud, "why in the name of goodness can you want to marry that impecunious young fellow Harry Juvenius, when there is that charming Sir Cressus Senectus, a man of dignified maturity and countless wealth, who is dying to make you Mrs. Senectus, and who would place my jewel in a magnificent setting?"

"How can you talk so, mamma?" replied Maud, looking down and blushing a few lines of solid nonpareil. "It is true that Sir Cressus is rich and Harry is not; but then Harry is young and Sir Cressus is old. Now, Harry is young and he can acquire wealth, while Sir Cressus is rich, but he cannot acquire youth. Do you catch on, mamma, as the boys say?"—Minneapolis Journal.

Compress Heater and Sterilizer.

A useful appliance has been introduced in hospitals in the shape of a compress heater and sterilizer. There is no moistening or wringing of hot cloths necessary. It does away with the use of oiled silk or cotton, as it cannot wet bedclothes and will retain heat longer than the ordinary compress, and the compresses may be applied to different patients without washing, as they may be easily sterilized and freed entirely from germs.—New York Telegram.

Street Railway Figures.

The extent of the street railroad interest in the United States may be estimated from a report which states that there are 5,788 miles of such roads in operation, having 32,505 cars and employing 70,764 men. The total number of passengers carried in one year was 2,023,010,302, being 349,820 per mile of road work and 62,237 per car.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Legal Question.

Little Willie—Papa, when a man takes up the law it means he starts in being a lawyer, doesn't it?

His Father—Yes.

"And when he's a judge and lays down the law is that where he quits?" But his father told him it was time he was in bed long ago.—Kate Field's Washington.

He Had Been There.

"Mr. Jones," said Mrs. Jones, looking up from the paper she was reading, "here is an excellent article on 'How to Hang Pictures.' You ought to read it."

"Oh, I know how to hang 'em!" retorted Mr. Jones savagely, and then silence came like a pall over the heads of sound.—Detroit Free Press.

Seaweed Made Useful.

The hollow stem of the species of seaweed indigenous to the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope was formerly used by the natives as a trumpet when dried. Still another kind furnishes the savages of some parts of Australia with vessels, many implements and even food.—Washington Star.

In Boston.

"Who was called the father of his country, Miss Beacon?"

"George Washington was called the father of his country; but this was an erroneous idea, for it has been proven that to Adam belongs the ignominy."—Life.

For Exhibition Purposes.

Chippie—Writing up your diary, Kate? Why, I didn't know you kept one.

Kate—It's only a fictitious one in which I make out that I lead the life of a saint, that I leave about for my wife to read.—Exchange.

The whole of the interior of Greenland is believed to be covered by an immense shield shaped cap of ice and snow, which in some places must have a thickness of at least five or six thousand feet.

The capital invested in California's vineyards is \$87,000,000. Two hundred thousand acres planted in young vines are producing 800,000 tons of grapes and 17,000,000 gallons of wine yearly.

One of the largest camellia trees in Europe is now in full bloom, near Dresden. It was taken from Japan 150 years ago, is fifty feet high and has an annual average of 40,000 blossoms.

Miniature boats' tusks and the shells so much affected by gypsies are both of very ancient origin. What they signify can be easily found out by any one who cares to inquire.

Poor Man.

Old Lady (on beholding a Highlander in his native costume for the first time)—Well, well! That man must be in his second childhood, and has gone back into short frocks again!—London Tit-Bits.

It is not unusual for colds contracted in the fall to hang on all winter. In such cases catarrh or chronic bronchitis are almost sure to result. A fifty-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure any cold. Can you afford to risk so much for so small an amount? This remedy is intended especially for bad colds and croup and can always be depended upon. For sale by A. R. Fisher, Druggist.

A Queer Mixture of Children in One of New York's Big School Buildings.

Until about a year ago the principal of a school No. 83, New York, did not realize what a queer lot of pupils he had, although he had sometimes laughed over the strange collection of names upon the rolls. A year ago he took a census and carefully traced out the exact part of the earth from which the parents of each of his pupils had come. He found that there were in his school no less than twenty-seven different nationalities, speaking about twenty-five languages other than English and its dialects. He found that of these sixteen were in the primary department alone.

So not long afterward he arranged a novel feature to one of the school entertainments. At a certain place in the programme each child arose, holding in his or her hands two flags. One was the American flag, the other the flag of the school from which the father had come. The visitors to the school were astonished. They recognized half a dozen flags well known as the banners of European nations—Italian, German, Spanish, French, Swiss and the like. Then they saw nearly a dozen others, recognizable from their shapes and colors and designs as the banners of barbaric or semibarbaric countries, known to us in a vague way as heathen.

When these children, none being under five years of age, first came to this school they are foreigners to the very core. They speak the language of their fathers, and perhaps have never even heard the sound of an English word. They are of the country from which their parents came both in customs and ideas. Their clothing alone bears the stamp of America, and that so out of accord with their faces and features that they seem ill at ease, and even more poorly clad than they really are. They enter the primary department. And here it may be said that, although the youngest are five years old, the ages of many extend upward toward eighteen and twenty years.

It is the business of Miss Rose O'Neill and her seven assistants to teach these children the English language, and then to make American children out of them. Go into the school at the beginning of the school year, and you will think the task hopeless, impossible. Come back at the end of six months, and if you close your eyes and listen to the reading exercises you will not be able to distinguish Chinese child or Arab child or Tunisian child from the few pure blooded Americans who form the curiosities of the school. Then you will wonder how the miracle has been performed.—Harper's Weekly.

Educate Children to High Ideals.

We are too ready to impart instruction to children from low moods and on a low plane, because we do not ourselves habitually dwell in the latitude of the uplands. Motives of policy, of vanity, of seeming instead of being right, enter into our own lives and, alas! poison the lives of the little ones at the fountain.

A grand life, a brave example, a splendid instance of fortitude, of self abnegation, of courage against odds is never in vain. It is an object lesson that flames out from the sky, as the planet amid the host of lesser stars. Whether it be an arctic or an African explorer, the leader of a forthright hope, the missionary living among the Indian heathens or the army nurse, leaving home and luxury to minister to the wounded and soothe the dying, the noble ideal is uplifted before the eyes of those who are yet in the initial stages, and whose characters are not yet in the mold of destiny.

This thought of the lofty ideal gives the chief-value of our annual Decoration Day, giving us pause amid the pomp and ease of peace, to think of the suffering, its fever and thirst, its rigors of cold and furnace heats, its weary marches, fierce battles and the patriotism which alone condones its bitter woe and the mourning that follows in its track.—Harper's Bazar.

Powerful Indian Air Gun.

The Indians along the Mirida river hunt with blow guns made out of the young stalks of a certain kind of palm, from which the pith is removed. The arrows employed as projectiles are simply splinters of reed, sharpened at one end, the other end being wrapped with enough silk cotton obtained from another kind of palm to fill up the bore of the blow gun. The arrows are about ten inches long and very light. They are tipped with the famous and deadly "woorari" poison.

Used by one of these naked savages the blow gun is a weapon of great accuracy and effectiveness, even a small bird on a treetop being brought down by the skilled shooter with reasonable certainty at the first try.—Interview in Washington Star.

A Curious Salvage Case.

Perhaps the most curious salvage case on record is that of the ship Two Friends, which stranded on the coast of Cuba and was abandoned by her crew. Another ship, the John Blake, met a similar fate, and her crew, in attempting to find a landing place, came across the Two Friends, which they managed to get off and to navigate to England without further mishap. The judge who tried the case decided that salvage services had been rendered, but of only ordinary difficulty and merit, inasmuch as the crew of the John Blake saved the Two Friends in order to save their own lives. The owners of the John Blake of course got nothing, but the salvaging crew received \$250 out of the total value of \$1,237.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Art of Conversation.

"Conversation," says a brilliant American humorist, "is, in this generation, a lost art."

It was an art which our grandfathers studied perhaps more than any other. A gentleman, in the beginning of this century, was usually more anxious to tell a story well or to state his argument clearly than to understand science or statecraft.—Youth's Companion.

Without its atmosphere, which serves as a coverlet to protect it against the fearful cold of space, the surface of the earth would be frozen like that of the airless moon.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Short & Haynes, druggists.

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